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Our Voice

The spare change newspaper

Tradition & Today's Aboriginal Youth

► Pages 8-9

A mother's nightmare
Linda Dumont follows up
on what happened to Lyn ► Page 14

What's for supper?
Calgary's meals for families
► Pages 6 and 7

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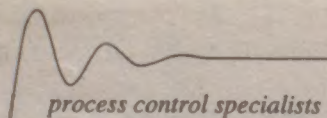
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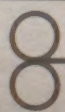


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NEWS • of the World

The case of the mad rubber wrapper

It's been a week of extraordinary inventions on the contraceptive front. In Britain, Keith Jones has developed the first ring-pull condom. "It's the climax to a glittering career," he said proudly. In Japan, meanwhile, a man was almost suffocated when his electronic Put-On-A-Condom machine malfunctioned. Trouble started when inventor Hensai Katika, 52, of Osaka, was testing the machine, which was designed to "slip on a condom at the push of a button". "I'd put my penis in the tube," he explained, "and pushed the button, but nothing happened, so I bent down to

look at the control box." As he did so the machine had, it seems, suddenly come to life and forced a ribbed condom over his head and face, which were positioned where his penis should have been. "I tried to get away," he explained, "but it kept putting prophylactics on my head. I couldn't breathe." A struggling Mr Katika was eventually saved when his creation exploded, by which point he was enveloped in eight separate condoms. "I was frightened," he admitted, "yet at the same time curiously aroused." ♦

Navigational aids needed in older age

Old, lady drivers have been getting dreadfully lost in America. Mae Wardell, 83, lived off snow for a week after losing her way in the grasslands of Wyoming. Equally dramatic were the experiences of Bathsheba Perkins, 81, of Arizona, who spent two days driving round and round a disused racing track. Ms Perkins was on her way to purchase some guinea fowl she'd seen advertised in a local paper when she lost her way. "I ended up driving cross-country through the desert," she explained. "I was quite worried, but then I

came to a tarmacked road and knew if I kept driving I'd reach civilization eventually." Unfortunately the tarmacked road was an abandoned racing-car circuit, about which Ms Perkins drove steadily for 37 hours until she ran out of petrol. She wasn't saved for a further 17 hours, by which time she was so delirious she mistook the rescue helicopter for a giant fly and attacked it with her handbag. She is now recovering in a hospital which, coincidentally, overlooks a guinea fowl farm. ♦

Are somnambulists perverts?

It's all been going horribly wrong for sleepwalkers. In France, a somnambulist somehow found his way onto a railway line where he lay down and was run over by a train. A similar, though not quite as terminal, situation was witnessed in Amsterdam recently where a sleepwalkers' convention was disrupted because its members kept sleepwalking. All went well during the day, with a seminar on 'Are Somnambulists Perverts?' but things began to go wrong at bedtime. "I was on reception," explained hotel manager Willem Putt, "when a

man came down in his pajamas and urinated in the guests' suggestion box. He seemed to be fast asleep." Over the next few hours one sleepwalker was found in the kitchen frying his duvet, another destroyed four bidets because he thought they were goblins, whilst a third upset late-night diners by making love to the cold meat buffet. "They were actually quite restrained," said the convention organizer. "Last year we had three deaths, two pregnancies and a gas explosion." ♦

You only need to ask ... the warden

Criminals continue to display tremendous initiative in their efforts to get out of prison. In Greece, a man escaped by the simple ruse of asking a prison warden to open the gates. "He said he'd come back," explained the guard. "He seemed so trustworthy." Likewise prisoner Aldon Slobosky, of Kansas, whose escape was aided by a book called How to Build a Safe Tunnel, borrowed from the prison library. Mr Slobosky, 42, was, by all accounts, a model prisoner, and there were thus no suspicions when he applied for the book. Neither were there any when he borrowed

two further volumes entitled, respectively, Mining for Beginners and Great Prison Escapes, nor even when he asked for, and was given, a pick-axe from the prison store. There were some raised eyebrows when warders noted large piles of earth beneath his bed, but it was only when he failed to turn up for prison parade that it was discovered he had dug a 200 foot tunnel through which he had subsequently escaped. "I've read How to Build a Tunnel," admitted governor Jim Stevens, "and I must say, he followed it to the letter." ♦

Above articles compiled by Paul Sussman in The Big Issue, London England's street-sold magazine.

VENDOR • Profile

Brian Tait



PHOTO BY BARBARA LAUBER

BY BARBARA LAUBER

“What gets me is the hockey players, the singers, the movie stars, they're all overpaid. If I could get paid \$20 million for making one movie, I could retire.”

Despite his years of experience in sales, warehousing, truckdriving, and general labour, Brian can't find a job. His last job was as a yardworker at a lumber yard in Edmonton. "Last year, I made \$16,000. I was living pretty comfortable on that." He was laid off in January when business slowed down. He moved to Calgary in April, hoping that job prospects would be better.

Brian began selling the paper three months ago. "Well I gotta do something. I get bored sitting around. You can only watch so much TV."

Unemployment Insurance ran out in August. He now receives social assistance, but welfare deducts dollar for dollar from his cheque for the money he earns selling **Our Voice**. He netted \$164 from selling the paper in September, so his welfare cheque for November will be reduced from \$394 to \$230. Brian would only be ahead if he could make more than \$394/month. If Brian had a part-time job instead (selling **Our Voice** is considered self-employment), he would be allowed to keep the first \$115 he earned on top of his welfare cheque. After that, welfare deducts only 75 cents for every dollar earned. (**Our Voice** contacted Susan Easton, liaison officer for the Department of Family and Social Services. She could not explain the reasoning behind this discrepancy in how employed and self-employed people are treated.)

Nevertheless, Brian enjoys selling **Our Voice**. "Even when I get a full-time job, I'm still going to do this part-time. I enjoy it. You meet a lot of nice people. I've got one customer who takes me out for suppers."

Brian rents a basement suite for \$300 a month. That leaves him only \$94 plus his **Our Voice** earnings to live on each month. "You gotta learn how to shop," he says. "I find the Superstore cheaper than the other stores. I eat lots of potatoes.

They last a long time. I'm not fussy. I'll eat Kraft Dinner. It's ridiculous, the cost of food today."

Since he hasn't got much money, Brian finds cheap ways to entertain himself. He enjoys going for walks, especially late at night. "It gives you time to think," he explains. Brian has a TV and his landlord has lent him a VCR. Brian particularly likes Home Improvement and Seinfeld. A friend of Brian's lent him money for his first month's rent and for a TV. "When you're in a big city, you need friends," Brian says. Brian has managed to pay back the rent money but not the TV money yet.

Brian gets around on foot and on an old 10-speed bicycle belonging to his landlord. He's worried about how he will manage when snow comes and he can't bike anymore. He doesn't mind walking, but he doesn't have any winter clothing. "I gotta get something warm for my feet and a heavier jacket." He's trying to save up for a used car, so he can get to job interviews more easily.

Brian is pessimistic about prospects for a job. "For the one job, there's too many applications. If you fill out an application, there are 300 or 400 people also applying." He spends two days a week job-hunting and three days selling **Our Voice**. He hasn't reached that point yet, but he's seen people lose hope. "They just get to a point where they try and try and no matter what they do, everything still goes downhill. They get to a point where they just give up."

Brian dropped out of Grade 8. He later did upgrading and finished Grade 10. He doesn't think more schooling would help. "I know a lot of people with their Grade 12. Today, no matter how much school they got, it don't do any good."

Brian doesn't think politicians will do much to change the situation. "I think it would make a difference if there were people like us in the government—somebody who knows what it's like to struggle. It's really crazy what they think people can live on. There are a lot of people out there who don't realize how tough it is. As far as I'm concerned, the minimum wage should be \$10/hour. The cost of living goes up every year. Everything goes up except the minimum wage." ♦

3

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OUR

VOICE

NOVEMBER 1

1996

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The people who bring you **OUR VOICE**

This newspaper exists because of the efforts of the people who sell it to you on the street, the vendors. For our vendors **OUR VOICE** is a job that helps them to be independent and self-employed. Each issue we highlight one of our vendors in Vendor Profile to let you know a little bit about the people who bring you **OUR VOICE**. ♦

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- I will vend only in areas that are authorized

All **OUR VOICE** vendors are required to wear an ID badge (contents above) and abide by a code of conduct. If you have any comments about our vendors, phone our distribution manager in your city (see page 5).



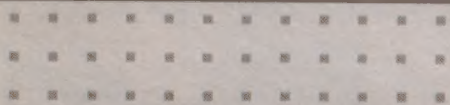
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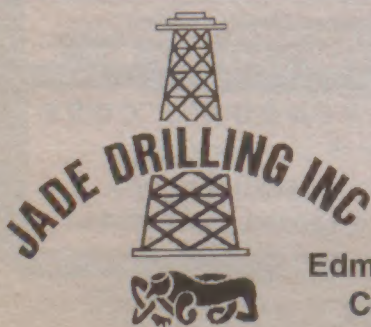
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TALKING Back



**Talking
Back**

Should more people go out and get a job?

Our question was deliberately provocative. This is a phrase many people use a lot, and many of the newspaper vendors hear often. As one woman put it, it is a simple question, but the answers to this Talk Back question clearly point out that it isn't really quite so simple.

A woman: A really hard question to answer; the problem is not so much getting a job as what kind of job you can get and what jobs are out there.

A job is a thing that gives you a sense of well-being of satisfaction and accomplishment.

I don't think it's that easy to do for many people. Jobs require certain skills, more and more skills than 10 years ago. It can be hard to get to your job every day if you don't have a place to live, or a vehicle to get there.

I think it's a really hard question to answer, there are all kinds of other things to be taken into consideration.

A man: Yes, I think more people should go out and get a job.

A woman: A very simple question with no simple answer. The problem is that most of the jobs out there are paying 5 dollars an hour and no one can live on that, with all the added expenses. If the government and the public want people on welfare to go out and work, people able to work, then let's give them better wages.

A woman: What jobs? Going to find a job is

like going to a casino or a bingo. You have to pay money to go in and you never know if you are going to win or not.

A man: I feel that if good-paying jobs were available, then yes they should. But the reality is there aren't enough jobs to go around. What's needed is a small revolution in this country. I feel that everybody who is paid less than \$9 an hour should go on strike. Sure, their employer would replace them, but those jobs aren't secure anyway. Unless people take a stand against the greed of the corporations that are trying to keep wages down and a low minimum wage, then things are just going to get worse and worse.

And people added some comments about the newspaper as well.

A woman: A great way to get information out. I pass it around to people in my family. Just want to let you know how much I appreciate it.

A man: If your people are actually paying 60c a copy for this 12 pages, then they are getting ripped off and I'm not going to give them a dollar and a half anymore.

Our question this issue is also a hard one, one we wonder a bit about asking, but we would like to hear your views. Again we are sure that a mix of different opinions will point out the complexity of the question. Call us now and leave your opinion.

1-800-882-5954 or 424-0624 in Edmonton.

Why are many native people in desperate situations?

LETTERS

Another baby?

It really upset me when I read the article "Hunger" about the grandmother who looks after her 17 and 18 year-old daughters two children. What disturbed me the most was how she said her poor, sick daughter was having trouble coping on \$644 a month, yet she is expecting another baby. It sure is nice to be able to afford another child, especially on someone else's dime.

This just shows me how totally irresponsible some people are. They use and abuse the system, and then in the same breath complain about how they're unable to cope and how unfair the system is.

The ones I really feel sorry for are the children, for they don't ask to be brought into this world, especially by people who cannot look after them properly, let alone care for themselves.

They make those of us who stayed in school, got an education, avoided the pitfalls of alcohol and drug abuse and became productive members of society the guardians of their children and the scapegoats for their abuse of the system.

Enough is enough. It's about time to take your share of the blame too, for believe it or not the majority of us also live from paycheque to paycheque and our taxes fund many of the country's social programs.

Only by helping yourself can you make a better tomorrow, don't expect others to always fix your mistakes.

Mr. R. Hogan Calgary

People of good will

Yes I do believe we can end hunger in our country. There is no reason whatsoever why in a resource-rich country like Canada people should go hungry.

But it takes some initiative by people of good will to prevent situations like the one the grandmother in the "Hunger" issue found herself in. The newly formed "Wecan Food Co-op" has the potential to prevent anyone from going hungry in this city from now on. And I'm sure there are or will be similar co-ops in other cities. It's worth checking out on behalf of the grandmother and many other desperate people.

Mrs Elly de Jongh Edmonton

EDITORIAL • Opinion

Is he going to become a 'Suit?'

He's a typical teenager: listens to loud music, lives on the phone in the basement, is in a rock band, is smart in school – an underachiever, terrified of people thinking he's a nerd, sleeps 4 a.m. till noon when possible, is surly, uncommunicative, unco-operative, hogs the bathroom, thinks the family car is his, ignores all the family, and makes it very difficult to love him.

You're going to laugh when I tell you my worry: that he will turn into a right-wing 'suit' in less than a decade. Now, given the picture I just painted, WHY would I think that? For the past year or so, this kid has worked in a bingo hall attached to a casino. Our worry started when he took the exam to get the job in the lottery booth – where he also cashes all the cheques coming into the hall.

"Mom, I think there should be NO WELFARE." This was the kid I'd hauled to deliver 'meals on wheels,' who had listened to my preachings about changing the system so wealth was more evenly distributed, to whom I had talked endlessly about cheap bananas signifying unequal global food distribution. I couldn't believe my ears.

"Almost every cheque I get handed to cash at work is social assistance, or child support of some kind, or some form of government subsidy, or a pay-cheque," he said. Bingo was particularly busy at cheque distribution time, he told me. And the same faces cashed the same cheques, month after month. In between or after Bingo games the same faces bought lottery tickets. I tried to explain that people living that close to the line may have little or no control over their lives, that maybe they had to rely on dreams of winning (I had heard this on a CBC radio play about a welfare family in Newfoundland). I tried to talk about how most people on assistance need the 'social assistance' in the true sense of the word. I tried to explain that government-sanctioned gambling preyed upon the poor. It was in fact a tax on the poor. He listened,

but I don't think he bought any of my story.

"So why do all the community centres and sports teams and charities of Calgary staff and run the bingos, then?" I had no answers. It's hard to combat with idealistic statements the experiential questions of a working kid. I started to question my own convictions. Smart kids'll do this to you!

Then this kid decided to try to move out from home. We're all so archaic, restrictive and stuffy, you knew he thought. He knew he'd have to move out with a few roommates. Bingo hall pay doesn't support living in a one-bedroom apartment, any more than does welfare. He moved in with the rock band mates. Next bombshell:

"Mom, I think there should be NO FOOD BANKS."

"WHAT?" I thought. Turns out the rock band mates were all into drugs (I'm sure he tried them too!) and were living on food from the food bank. Again I went

through my spiel about there always being a small percentage of system abuse, difficult to detect, but that food banks existed for good reason. Again, I started to question my own convictions – smart kids'll do that to you – over 600 food banks in Canada as a stop-gap measure? Weren't we solving this the wrong way?

So he announced he wanted to move out from the rock band house and live by himself. No way could he afford this. But Starr, the 17-year-old pregnant neighbour girl, was going to be able to move into her own apartment as a single mom when she started to get her welfare payments at 18. Next bombshell:

"Mom, I think there should be NO SUPPORT FOR SINGLE MOTHERS." WHAT? Now, what do I say? How do I help this child respect people on welfare while not seeing or presenting them as victims? How can I tell this child he needs to live longer to see that oppressive systems cause problems and a humane society takes care of its children? Most importantly of all, how do I get this future citizen to see that the best way to help the poor is not to become poor, and to work to change systems so there will be less poverty?

It's easy when you are sure of where you stand. Life is in focus. But what this darn kid has done is complicate everything. It's just not as simple as I had it figured. All of these issues are complex, and creating 'sure' positions for myself somehow polarizes me. But how do I deal with this complexity?

I still stand in the same place. The only difference is that before, I was looking out through the window. Now I'm walking out through a door and can see a fuller picture. It's safer and easier inside, but that's life, I guess, and I can choose to live in the fray or go back inside and close my door.

Smart kids'll do that to you.
Name withheld by permission.

Sorry, but Canadians
can't afford to support people
who sit around and do
nothing...



Our Voice
The spare change newspaper

Sometimes things just come together. This issue has a focus on native peoples and traditional values. An aboriginal young peoples' meeting became our feature story, thanks to **Penelope Timleck** and **Allison Kydd**. But the cover photos came from last summer's Dreamspeakers festival in Edmonton thanks to **Shelly Knapp**. **Marilyn Tsinigane's** Sundance story in *Words on the Street* fell in to place too.

Linda Dumont updates us on page 14 on the mother who lost her kids. On page 13 **Tom Hind** brings us a tough story about...begging. We have a full page of poetry, edited as usual by **Michael Walters**. **Barbara Lauber** did the vendor profile, the back page story on a children's anthology and the story on Thanksgiving suppers. **Elvee Fenning** did a heartwarming story on dinner at "Mom's" and **Marjorie Bencz**, who has been a long-time supporting contributor, gives us a final installment of her *Food For Thought* column. We thank Marjorie for all her support for so many issues.

Laurie McCullough's *Kiss the Bride* continues; check it out on page 12.

Thanks to **Susan Andrews** for Crossword #42, and to cartoonists **Linda Dumont**, **Jon Dykstra**, **Ed Gould**, **Andy Philpotts** and **Dave Jones**.

Calgary editor **Barbara Lauber** desperately needs some important tools: a camera, a small tape recorder or Dictaphone, and a mouse for a computer. If you could contribute any of these items, please contact Barbara at 221-8795.

Thanks to **Peter Michaels** and **Darren Smith** of *Country 105* radio station in Calgary for their donation of coffee mugs for the Calgary vendors.

Keith Wiley

5

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1996

Our Voice
The spare change newspaper

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Sunday dinner at Mom's

BY ELVEE FENNING

Sunday dinner at Mom's is a family tradition that could be vanishing, but every Sunday or Monday (on holiday weekends), the Feed the Hungry Program in Calgary invites 600-plus of Calgary's street people, welfare recipients, working poor, and lonely to break bread together.

The line-up outside St. Mary's Hall starts at 3 p.m. and at 4 pm when the doors are opened, the hall is soon filled. It's quite a dinner: we sat down to meat pies, corn on the cob, cooked carrots, roast potatoes, salads, and desserts. Long tables with bright purple cloths are laden with fresh vegetables, fruit, rolls, and butter. Fresh flowers adorn every table.

Volunteers serve their guests beverages: juice, milk, coffee, tea. Then the main course, in assembly line fashion, is put on plates by volunteers and is served to the seated guests. Beverley, who has been coordinating the kitchen staff for the past two years, says guests can come back for seconds "and sometimes even thirds."

It was a bustling hive of

activity, but Beverly graciously invited me to view the newly renovated kitchen. She showed me the refrigerator which is full in the morning, but at four is nearly empty. The ovens are a gleaming stainless steel. Beverly introduced me to Rosalee and Bob, who have been washing dishes in the kitchen for a total of three and a half years.

A hospitality table, at one end of the hall, is overflowing with baked goods, fresh fruit and veggies. These products are taken home "freely" by any guest in need.

One young couple with two toddlers say they have been coming "for about a year."

"I've only been able to get part-time work," the dad told me. "This is one of the best meals of the week for us."

Jeff, a young unemployed regular, remarked, "The meat pies are very tasty, but my favorites are the ham and chicken dinners."

Volunteers are a very important part of the program. They come from every walk of life: professionals, members of St. Mary's Cathedral, and former guests.

"Mom" Michelle Joynt and the kitchen coordinator for Dinner at Mom's Beverly Bushell, top. Below: the line-up to get in to dinner.

Twenty-two year-old Sylvia told me, "I started coming with a youth group. That was a few years ago. Now my boyfriend, Rob, volunteers with me."

Imagine coordinating a dinner for 600 guests every Sunday of the year! That is exactly what Michelle Joynt does. She enthusiastically claims, "I feel so fortunate to be part of this program. Besides coordinating the dinners, I often give talks to corporations. The cost of each meal is approximately \$2500."

Indeed, when you speak to Michelle, or "Mom" as she is known, about the Feed the Hungry Program, she bubbles with enthusiasm, and you can see that she does feel fortunate.

Sunday dinner at Mom's is the very BEST free meal in Calgary!



FOOD • For Thought

Leaving the Alberta Advantage

BY MARJORIE BENCZ

Recently Joan, George and their family of seven loaded all their earthly possessions into a van, left Edmonton and headed off to Manitoba. Joan has been offered a six-month job in Winnipeg. After that there's another job at Johaven, a plane flight in from Yellowknife. The jobs are temporary but they are something.

George has done construction work most of his life. Without any formal training, George has had trouble getting work in the last few years. He sends out about 30 resumes a month but has only been able to pick up odd jobs that last a few days.

Joan spent four months in school upgrading for university, but when she actually began studies, illness and family stress made it impossible to go on. Joan and George, desperate, applied for welfare. Social services referred them to a job readiness program, but didn't give them any actual support. From December of 1995 to June of 1996, they lived mainly off their family allowance cheque of \$347 a month. That's correct, nine people living on \$347 a month.

Their housing was provided by the Inner City Housing Society, subsidized to just \$67 a month. George did some painting and other work for the Society, too. The Housing Society staff noted that George and Joan are very hard working and never turned down a chance to do

work for the organization.

They got food from their local food depot a couple of times each month. The children collected bottles on a regular basis to help out. As time went on more expendable household items like bed frames and dressers were sold to buy prescriptions or shoes for the kids.

George and Joan have been "sober for eight or nine years". They have limited contact with their extended family because other members abuse drugs and alcohol, and they "do not want this kind of influence on our children."

The day before they left Joan and George gave away much of what was left of their household, mattresses, a few toys and books to their neighbours. They took their clothing and some food, all they have left. They got back their rental damage deposit and plan to use it to buy gas for their trek. When they get to Winnipeg they have friends to stay with until Joan gets her first cheque.

Most people would feel defeated after living in such severe poverty, but George and Joan still talk about hope and family strength. They are not bitter. Certainly they wish that events had turned out differently, but they don't dwell on the past. They just wanted to leave...they wanted a job and a new beginning. ♦

This is the final FOOD FOR THOUGHT column that has been regularly contributed by Edmonton Food Bank Director, Marjorie Bencz.

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FAMILY • Dinners

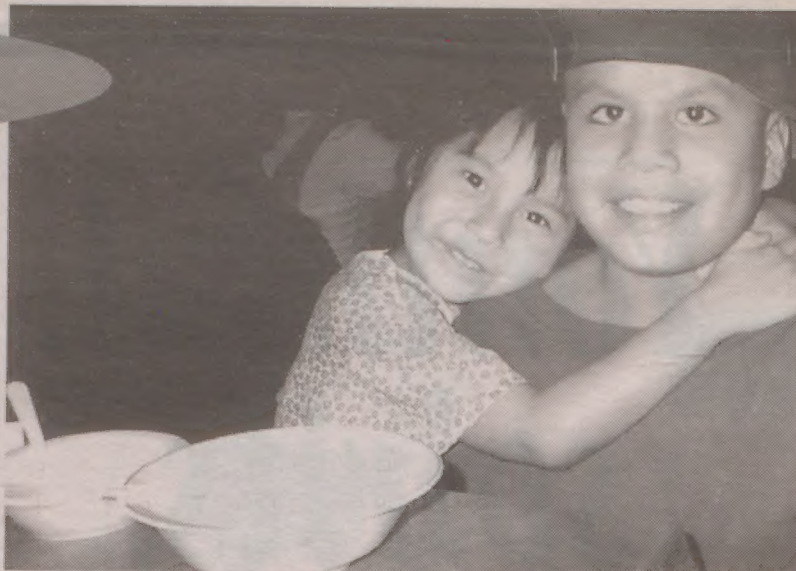
Free Thanksgiving suppers brought out crowds in Calgary

So many people showed up that the turkey ran out at a free Thanksgiving dinner for poor Calgarians last month. Instead of the 250 people that planners had anticipated, 700 came out for a good meal at the Ranchman's Restaurant in Calgary.

Twenty donated turkeys and a mountain of mashed potatoes were quickly devoured by the hungry diners. With busloads of people still coming, restaurant staff improvised with roast beef and french fries. (No one complained.)

Members of the Calgary Hitmen hockey team served the meals.

St. Mary's Cathedral in downtown Calgary and the Mykonos Restaurant also hosted free Thanksgiving dinners which were attended by about 600 people each.



TOP: Paula and Corneila were all smiles after supper at Ranchman's Restaurant.



RIGHT: Jeremy Shaefer, left winger for the Calgary Hitmen hockey club, had fun serving at Ranchman's.

ABOVE: Vince, Judy and Stan enjoyed their Thanksgiving at the Mykonos Restaurant.

RIGHT: Raven, Casey and Lawrence dug in to their supper at Mykonos.

Story and Photos: Barbara Lauber



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Youthful spirits, traditional values



BY PENELOPE TIMLECK

It's hard for a young native kid today to learn about native traditions and values. "Our family celebrates Christmas and New Year's, but that's it," says Candace Beaudry, 13. She's thinking about culture because she's one of hundreds of young people to come to the Dreamcatcher Aboriginal Youth Conference held in Edmonton recently.

"We don't learn about pow-wows in school. Just about how the white people took our land," says Candace's friend Michelle Tollefson, who's 14. Both the girls came all the way south from Peavine, Alberta for the event, and they were having a great time.

They'd heard about the conference through friends that had attended in previous years.

"I wanted to meet new people," says Michelle's sister Krista Tollefson, 16. "I hope to come away with more knowledge about myself and native culture."

It's the fourth year for the conference hosted by the Child and Youth Care program at Grant MacEwan College in Edmonton. This year, it was organized by Linda Stelte, who is an instructor in the program.

She says about five years ago Child and Youth Care instructors were looking for a way to bridge the gap between the Aboriginal program and Child and Youth Care. "We needed a way to get more native people interested in our program and our students suggested the conference," says Stelte.

Now it is a three day opportunity for students 13-18 to get together with other teens and take sessions such as

Building Healthy Dating Relationships, Growing up Native, and Life Path Discovery with Medicine Wheels.

The theme for the conference is "Dreams can come true." Stelte says it was selected by a student who had attended last year. "We get most of our ideas for sessions based on last year's evaluations," says Stelte.

Although the conference is designed for native youth, not all of this year's 1,200 participants are native. While in years past the conference was advertised as a western conference, including Alberta, BC, Saskatchewan, the Northwest Territories, and the Yukon, Stelte says this year students have come from as far as Manitoba, Ontario and Nova Scotia.

As well as the sessions, students are offered an opportunity to participate in a talent show and go to a dance. They can attend a pow-wow as well.

This year's pow-wow included the Moonlight Bay drummers and the Hawk River Singers, as well as traditional dancers. While some of the students went to West Edmonton Mall for the first time, the majority stayed for a high-intensity evening of music, singing and dancing.

Dream Catchers Aboriginal youth conference inspires kids from across the country



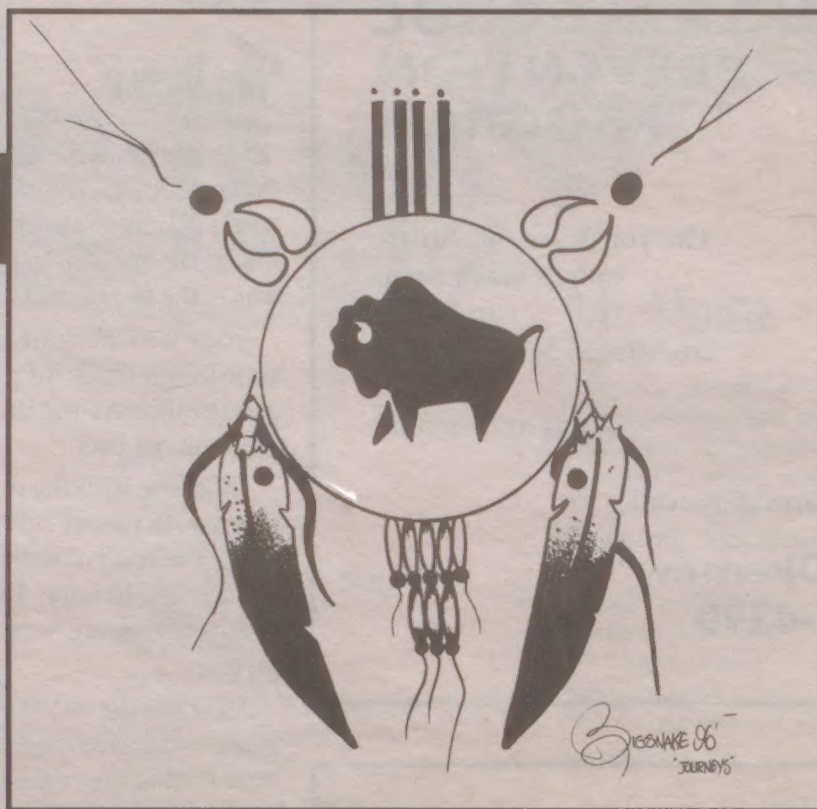
TOP: Krista Tollefson, 16; Michelle Tollefson, 14; Tanya Carifelle, 13; and Candace Beaudry, 13; conference participants from Peavine, Alberta.

MIDDLE: Robert Stevenson, 13; Alvin Lasboucan, 14; Charmaine Bellerose, 11; and Elly Okimaw, 13; all enjoyed the Dream Catcher workshop.

BOTTOM: One of the many dancers at Saturday night's pow-wow.

PHOTOS: Penelope Timleck





Runner says work for your dreams

BY ALLISON KYDD

The organizers of this aboriginal youth conference were ambitious in their planning. They offered 130 workshops for delegates to choose from and they ranged from the light-hearted to the serious. There were crafts, old-time dance, sports, youth empowerment, career planning, family and dating relationships, exploring spirituality and even one on reconciling the traditions of the grandfathers and grandmothers with contemporary life.

One of the most successful, from a sharing standpoint, was called "Youth Empowerment" led by former marathon runner, coach and founder of the Oskinakosiwin Running Club, Allan Beaver. Just home from another conference, Beaver filled in when there was a last minute cancellation because, he said, he wants to do whatever he can to encourage young people to live their dreams.

Beaver told a little of his own story. Alcohol was a problem for him in his youth, and he says "sobriety has changed my outlook on life." It was his choice—Beaver and all the presenters emphasized this idea of choice—to give up alcohol and adopt a healthier lifestyle. He feels it was his choice which gave him the power to realize so many of his own dreams. For him that meant being a runner. Twelve years later, he has run many road races, including the New York marathon in 1991 and 1994, and the Los Angeles marathon in 1992.

Beaver urged his young participants who mentioned dreams of careers in sports and entertainment to have the solid foundation of education first. Again, he found out the importance of this first-hand. In 1994 a serious accident

ended his long distance running career and he had the training and the right attitude to transfer his energy into coaching and public speaking.

Though he had a lot more wisdom to share, Allan Beaver did far more than just talk. With the help of his rap dancing friend, "Magoo", and others from the group "Red Alert", he got participants involved. They were teamed up to demonstrate the value of community and cooperation. Whether it was the physical challenge or the group exercises, or the giggles or the positive attitude that Beaver demonstrated, all the participants, however shy, had something to say about their own goals and dreams by the time the workshop ended.

Allan Beaver was only one of many Aboriginal role models who encouraged the young participants to know, to love and to respect themselves. This includes "talking about what's bothering you," said Beaver. He also reminded them that they are each and every one already a role model too for their younger brothers and sisters.

"Each of you has a lot to offer," said Beaver. "I'm not going to wish you good luck...it's not through good luck that you achieve your dreams, but through hard work..."

As the conference continued, many images combined with the smell of smoked leather and sweetgrass and the heartbeat pounding of the drum. Shiny dark heads bent over supple willow twigs as delegates built their own dreamcatchers. Laughter and shyness erupted as Virginia and Kendra Cardinal invited a gangling roomful to join them in the Red River Jig, the Old-time Two Step and other dances. Those in the back row in the huge foyer had to stand on tiptoe and peer over each other's shoulders in the crowd that was applauding the rap singers and dancers, singer Sherry Ann Medena, the Pillars of Peace dance troupe, and other performances.

Finally, a respectful silence greeted the gentle words of Peter O'Chiese, Helen Piper, Caroline Janvier and the other elders. Hundreds of lively young faces and firm hands joined together for the inter-generational drum dancing and the Traditional Handshake.

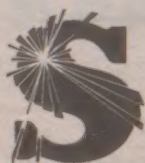
Like all our young, these young people had such power and such beauty. Though it isn't ever easy, with the love and support of their communities behind them, one feels that their dreams, our dreams, can indeed come true.

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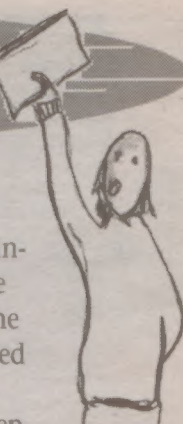
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WORDS • On the Street



Sun Dance

I would lie awake at night piecing together the symbols, the colours, the broken circle, and trying to understand the ancestral connection. It took me one year to prepare for the Sun dance, the sacred oath.

I owe it to the spirit and makers of this universe to sun-dance for my country, family, love, good health, healing, and the tragedy and happiness in our lives.

I wake up with the sun. I go to the lodge and I carry with me my cultural heart and fighting spirit. The color of sunrise gives me strength, endurance and hope. The tree of life, the centre pole, is mystifying. It taught me to look inside myself.

I feel like the way the sky looks when it's going to rain. I'm lonely. The eagles flying overhead remind me I dance to my loss of power. They bring comfort and peace. Fear, hate, anger, pain become more visible. I had to give up parts of me. I cannot run.

At dawn, warmth, courage, and faith embrace me. I mend a piece of my heart and a piece of the broken circle.

I acknowledge the power and gift given to me by the Creator. I express my appreciation. I have gone without food and water for two days. This is a small sacrifice. A piece of my heart goes to all those who have gone before us to the spirit world and to all our grandmothers without whom we would not be here. This is my first Sun dance. It has taught me the value of food, water, and all life. It is a healing, spiritual practice given by the Creator.

First Nations people struggle in a racist world. No one escapes it. We remember who we are. We are the spirit of endurance. We struggle to maintain our circle in a society that does not value the first people of this land. It is our intention to strengthen our culture, mend the broken circle, and reclaim our place in society.

We come together to talk about our lives and futures with love and understanding. Deep thanks to Ovide Mercredi (the Chief of the Assembly of First Nations), for his knowledge and insight: He said, "When you heal a child, you heal a family. When you heal a family, you heal a community. When you heal a community, you heal a nation."

BY Marilyn Tsinigine

One for the Boys

There is a spot halfway down the Macdonald stairway where we drunks shared many a bottle of wine. Shaded with trees and brush, this classy little hideaway served as home and a drinking spot to countless homeless men. Many hang-over jitters were settled with a drink of wine: "One for the Boys!"

One for the boys is usually done with the first opened bottle of wine. It is a toast among winos to spill the first drink in memory of those who

have gone before.

If we didn't make it into the single men's hostel for the night, we headed for the next best place, the flop joint. Old cars and abandoned cars were other options. Sometimes we would have to sleep out in the rough with only mosquitoes for companions. In the morning at seven, we would gather for breakfast and to see who was around with coin or a drink for an eye-opener. We would go to the Marion Centre to warm up or play cards until 10.30 am., when the liquor stores were open. During the wait, some of us would slip into a doctor's office to get prescriptions for pills. Then the day would start in the lives of us winos, with the first drink always going "for the boys".

It was at the hideaway, October 8, 1991, where I had my last drink. Leading the life of a wino for twenty years, it was then that I realized that I could be the next candidate for "one for the boys". Thanks. But I'll pass.

by Art Piche



See my children at Christmas

I've enjoyed very much selling **Our Voice** for the last 16 months, even though I've had to go through some struggle and hardships to find a permanent location.

Selling gives me the opportunity to get involved with the public and to greet new people.

I also work part-time evenings to survive in today's society. Selling the paper supplements my wages and makes it more possible for me to see my children during the Christmas season.

I would like my regular customers to know that I now sell at Grabbajabba on 112 Street on Jasper Avenue and in that area.

- ♦ I won't worry about what is.
- ♦ I won't worry about what isn't.
- ♦ I won't worry about what was.
- ♦ I won't worry about what might be.
- *That about takes care of it.

by Yvette Cloutier

The **Words on the Street** column is a space for **Our Voice** vendors and friends to write short notes about life and their experiences.

POETRY

Racist Begonias

Burgundy red begonia
Tall
Proud
Hardy native

Lily white begonia
Delicate
Pure
Fragile immigrant

Blush pink begonia
Resistant
Mixed
Durable cousin

I will last longer, says Burgundy
For I am blood rich red

My lightness shall prevail, says Lily
white
I shall be ever-lasting

My strain is stronger, says Blush pink
I can burv you both

You would not mix with me
Coloured, you cained me, replied
Burgundy

Eternal snow is how I must remain
You would have diluted me, retorted
Lily white

I shall outlast you both, said their
cousin, Blush pink
For I am sangs-meles

Lily white first came off the shelf
Alone
Wilted
Dying

Burgandy red followed shortly
thereafter
Alone
Wilted
Dying

Blush pink hung on longer than either
of them
But in the end
She too was carted off the shelf
Alone
Wilted
Dying

by Jacelyne Verret

Total Rad

My mind was screaming
My body was dying
I thought I was going mad.

The earth was quaking
The sky was shaking
I knew it was going to be bad.

More bombs exploded
My windows imploded
The awesome ultimate rad.

The image intensified
My body was vapourized
And my soul was very sad.

by Don W. Davidson
Excerpt from: Philosophical
Meanderings of a New Age
Madman

Coma

I lie paralysed
My brain calculates its rhythm
There are pictures
But no real thoughts
My body is motionless
For I cannot move my muscles
I try to speak in confusing tongues
But my mouth does not open
The blood runs through my veins
Going nowhere
My heart beats out its tune
There are tubes and needles
Coming out of my body
Machines keeping me alive
My eyes see nothing but blackness
Reality does not exist in my world
I know not days, months or years.
My ears hear nothing but silence
There is no sound in my world
My nose smells nothing
I am paralyzed.
I cannot move.

by Jean M.

My Home

When all my dreams were torn apart
The eternal pain within my heart
Has kept me falling down this well,
With no place to turn, no place to dwell,
No plans to keep, and no reasons to fight,
I sadly weep, in the dimming light.

There'll be daily fears
For the next ten years,
But I'll hold on tight.
And try to cope
With this shimmering light
Of dimming hope.

I'm here inside this cubic cell,
My spirit has died, knowing I'm in hell,
No places to run, no places to roam.
I realize now...this is my home.

by LeRoy Bird

Transformation

A magical world
The heart of a child
Protected and free
Small wishes and dreams
Sweet, sweet fantasy

The keys of power
Seen in the mirror
Are misty no more
Gently, day by day
Awake, growing strong.

A promise appears
Feathers, tons of steel
Transforming power
Predetermined win
And strong to stand alone.

The journey, Quantum
Courage resolute
Every now and then
Slipping to the past
To bring it all home.

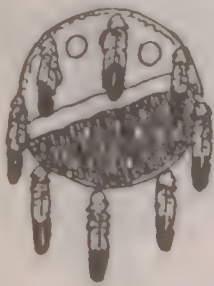
A vision wondrous
What a world to see
Onward, ever on
Life on every stage
Sweet Reality.

by D.Y.



POETRY

Our Voice regularly publishes short poems. Submissions welcome, but cannot be returned. Send copies only to poetry editor Michael Walters.



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THE STORY - Part 4

FICTION BY LAURIE MCCULLOUGH

There was a wedding in Part 3, but now our man and Charmaine have hit the Trans-Canada Highway for "one last run".

Charmaine had some lifetime friends who lived in Moosejaw. We decided to go see them. They were real scumbuckets, but lots of fun. The old man had an I.Q. exceeded by his shoe size, played harmonica like Howlin' Wolf. That was when I learned music is entirely emotional. The performance of it requires no brains, none at all. He had a fifteen year-old daughter he wanted to saddle me with.

"She'd make somebody a real good girl-friend," he told me, as he swilled beer and ate Kentucky Fried Chicken, "Allan," his son, "says she's great, on her back."

I couldn't believe it, I really couldn't, but not so much as one muscle on my face twitched while I listened to him. Charmaine cooked eggs on an electric stove with fridge magnets on the oven door. The old man told me to get a box of beer from the basement.

I discovered his daughter slept in the basement. She had huge breasts, a lack of brains to match her abundance elsewhere. Took off her blouse and showed me a pink bra, smiled at me with dim comprehension, asked if I liked girls. I liked girls, alright, but I wasn't too crazy about harnessing myself to that family. The whole works were so very, very stupid. Trying to talk to them was like wading through mud.

Charmaine's best friends.

Story of her life.

Betrayal.

We got out of there, for sure and soon, out to the side of Highway One. We gave up on getting a ride. It was cold. We laid in the ditch, held each other to keep warm. I had a cowboy hat. Stetson, no less. Made a great pillow, but we turned out not to need it. Some guy who managed the Safeway in North Regina stopped his car, called out:

"I'm going fifty-five miles east, and you can come," which was all we wanted to hear. He had a new Riviera, fast as sparrows over a thick-

et. He was drunk. His car was full of vodka. He drove like a drunken maniac, because he was a drunken maniac. Kept waving bottles of clear, white fear remover at me. I took one, after about three minutes. I wasn't crazy about laying in the ditch, but I wasn't crazy about certain death. I must have decided, after about the third shot, certain death was an abstract concept and not my immediate fate. The only thing I remember about the rest of the ride is Charmaine's hand. I was sitting on a bucket seat, red vinyl, smooth as a virgin's belly, when fear got a grip on me. I reached my hand behind the seat. Charmaine grabbed it before I was sure it was there. I guess I wasn't scared of anything, after that. I thought it was a comfort to know I'd be going to fate's deliverance in the company of someone who cared.

The Safeway manager dropped us off at the 'Diver's Den', where I later sold smoke dope that a guy named Randy Lord fronted us. I noticed, as the manager left, that he drove on the left side of the road. He likely figured it was the rest of the world's responsibility to stay out of his way.

We made it

through Regina, somehow. Charmaine damn near carried me, most of the way. I wasn't a man for drinking, in those days, but fear threw about ten ounces of high grade hooch in my guts. We got a ride with a family from southern Ontario and the old man made me drive.

Fool!

We got as far as Brandon. Being broke as broke gets, we were starving. The father of the family bought us a bowl of soup, a loaf of brown bread. We consumed them the way jellyfish consume plankton. After a while, we slept in the back seat, snuggled in like a litter of kittens with two kids who were happy as hell to have us. About six, in the morning, we got left at Portage and Century Boulevard, in Winnipeg, by the St. James bridge.

"Antes up!" the head of the family said. I figure that must have something to do with poker.

I will never pass that way, again.

Part 5 of *Kiss the Bride* will appear next issue.

12

OUR

VOICE

NOVEMBER 1

1996



Desperate or professional? The Prince of Panhandlers

BY TOM HIND

In the last four years I have met a lot of street people, among them a scattering of dedicated panhandlers. One is a taxi driver who opts to beg on his down hours. He says he panhandles so he can "support a growing cocaine habit without resorting to crime," which he abhors. "I couldn't do time and waste my life behind bars," he informs me. I suppose this rationale makes some kind of sense, though, strictly speaking, panhandling is classified as a minor infraction on the law books.

Then you have the gangs that hang around liquor and big food stores, group-begging for wine and Big Bear money. These types of beggars are often drunk when they try to panhandle you, often becoming aggressively belligerent and demanding cigarettes, or the hat you're wearing — if they take a fancy to it. These are not my favourite type of beggar.

The real cheapie beggar will go out on a butt run (cigar and cigarette) and show up at the train station when passengers are debarking and bum them for fifty or sixty cents. A loonie, if they think they can demand that much. These are what I call the "shy" beggars. Mostly they're passive, non-threatening and friendly.

But the Prince of Edmonton panhandlers is another story. This chap is extremely intelligent, highly manipulative, and is known as a "controller", running other panhandlers for a share of their profits. He literally schools them in ways of sophisticated begging styles, so the panhandlers can make maximum money.

The Prince, the last I saw of him, was living in a two-bedroom apartment in the west end. He would inevitably go out for an hour and panhandle seventy or eighty dollars, or however much he thought he wanted in his pocket that day. He was happy to make enough for a couple

of 24's of Canadian beer, a couple of grams of pot or hashish, some fresh food. The Prince is, among other things, a gourmet cook.

The bottom line on the Prince is that he is a rascal, a rogue. In the seventeenth century he would likely have been a highwayman, taking as his needs dictated and giving out some of his proceeds to those less fortunate than himself. He is gentle. This is not to say he won't protect his turf. I have known the Prince to deliver an elbow to a turf invader's throat, then slap kick him in the head. Usually when the Prince issues a warning to an invader, that panhandler has the common sense to keep on motoring and find himself another begging spot.

"When panhandling," the Prince tells me, "it is important not to dress too rich, and to always be polite to customers, even if they give you nothing. Quite often I'll God Bless them as they are leaving. You'd be surprised how many people will come back and give you five or ten dollars, once they know you are a Christian. There are a lot of very generous people out there," he confides.

There is an obvious proliferation of panhandling as a way of life. We are seeing the beginning of a new revolution in Canadian society — a revolution of the poor, homeless and crippled scrubbing to survive the best they can. Our Prince is the exception to the general rules of panhandling. He does it as a business, as well as a means of survival. His operating philosophy goes like this: Why should I work for seven or ten bucks an hour when I can make seventy or eighty bucks in one hour, without raising a sweat?

The bottom line is, though there may be the odd predator Prince out there, most of the beggars that hit you up will really be needy. Poverty has no smile to it at all. ♦

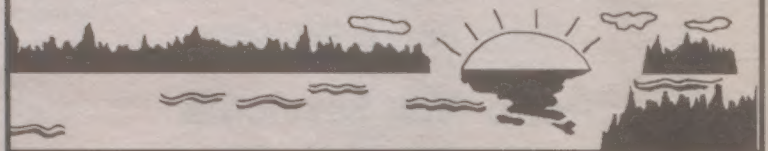
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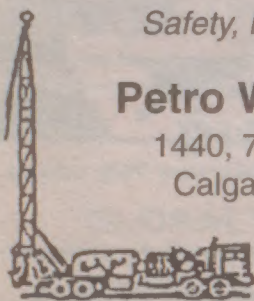
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UPDATE

A Mother's Nightmare Arrested and DEPORTED!

October 1st we reported on Lyn, who lost her children to child welfare while travelling in Canada from her native Alaska and ran out of money and support. What happened? Linda Dumont brings us the update.

BY LINDA DUMONT

"It's terrible." Norma was on the phone. "They've got Lyn in handcuffs. I can't see her because she's in another room. The hearing starts at two. They are treating her like a criminal."

Oct. 1, Lyn was taken from the hospital where she had been a patient since September 15th to attend an immigration hearing. Another hearing date on the 19th had been cancelled because she was not well enough to leave the hospital.

At Immigration, Lyn appeared before a judge, with her friend Norma acting as counsel. On the right-hand side of the room sat the prosecution. Two women from Immigration and a C.B.C. reporter were also present.

Lyn had arrived in Canada on August 6th. After her car broke down on the Alaska highway, she hitchhiked to Edmonton with her two sons, Jason (12), and Jeremiah (3). By the time they arrived in Edmonton, they were broke. Lyn and the boys were camping out along the river bank when Jeremiah cut his foot and required hospitalization. As a result, the boys had been taken into custody and placed in foster care, first in Alberta, and then flown to their home city of Anchorage, Alaska. Lyn was taken to a women's shelter, but after a few weeks found friends who took her in. She was told that she had to find her own way back to Anchorage, and a hearing date with immigration was set.

The judge reviewed the case. He had to decide whether Lyn belonged to "an undesirable class of people" because she had been unable to support herself while in Canada. He said that she had been found living a transient life on the river bank with her children, and presented the medical bills. Jeremiah's bill was for \$8000, and Lyn's somewhere around \$2000. He stressed that the burden for paying these bills was on the tax paying public.

The judge had to decide whether Lyn should be given an order for departure or be deported. Departure, he explained, meant that she would have to leave Canada within thirty days and to inform the Department of Immigration when she had done so. She would be responsible for making her own travel arrangements, and would be free to return to visit Canada in the future if she so chose.

Deportation meant that she would be held in custody until travel arrangements could be made, then flown directly to Anchorage, Alaska at the expense of the department. She would not be allowed to enter Canada for any reason in the future unless she received special permission from the minister of immigration.

Lyn spoke in her own defense. She told about the volunteer work she was involved in at a mission, that she had been helping with a Sunday School program. "I only stayed at the shelter for two weeks," she emphasized, "I have a place to stay." She also pointed out that she had \$49 and was expecting a cheque from the house-cleaning business she had in Alaska.

The prosecution pointed out that her friends, however well meaning, could not meet all of her needs. They could provide food and shelter, but when it came to medical expenses, they were unable to pay the bills. They also could not provide plane fare to Alaska.

After a few minutes' deliberation the judge had a verdict. Lyn was to be deported. She was an "undesirable" person.

Still handcuffed, she was escorted to the Remand Center by the two women from Immigration.

For Lyn, who had never been in prison before, the Remand Centre was a frightening place. "I was stripped and searched and given jeans and a T-shirt to wear. There were men across the room from me."

October 2, Lyn was flown to Anchorage. She had with her only her backpack and the few belongings which she had taken to the hospital. Her suitcases were left behind in Edmonton.

Lyn got back to Anchorage to find the locks on her apartment changed, her possessions gone. She had no medical coverage for continuing medical treatment, and without her children, was unable to qualify for financial assistance. Prior to her visit to Alberta, she had been working part-time and living on cheques received for her sons who both have learning problems.

After spending two days at a shelter, she received help from a church and found part-time work at Burger King. Three days later, another woman quit work, and Lyn was hired on full-time.

Lyn is now trying to rebuild her life. She is hoping that once she has found another apartment and proven that she is capable of providing a home for her sons, the family will be together again.

Meanwhile, she is trying to arrange regular visits. For Lyn the trip to Alberta is a memory that will never be forgotten. ♦

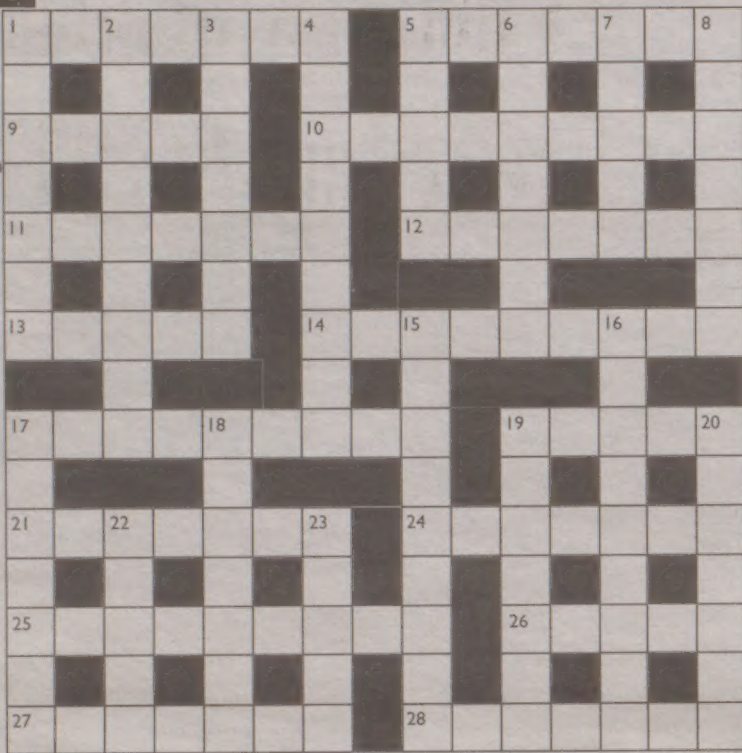
CROSSWORD • Puzzle 42

ACROSS

BY SUSAN ANDREWS

DOWN

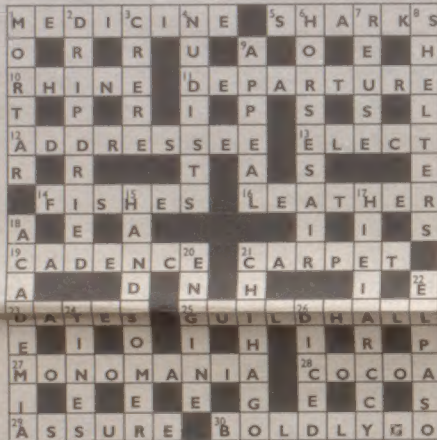
- 1 Leaping, pouncing (7)
- 5 Moved heavily, awkwardly (7)
- 9 Bivalve molluscs (5)
- 10 British name for OJ (9)
- 11 A country's official residence in another country (7)
- 12 Made an effort (7)
- 13 Where grain is stored (5)
- 14 Calvin Klein's perfume (9)
- 17 Tendency to be pushy (9)
- 19 A fearful frenzy (5)
- 21 Glass, flat, egg (7)
- 24 To make bigger (7)
- 25 A prettied-up man from the 18th-19th century (9)
- 26 Chubby Checker's dance (7)
- 27 Hollered, Swiss-Alps style (7)
- 28 Ruined, went bad (7)



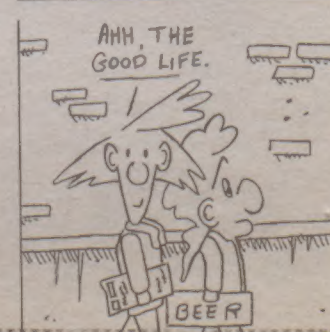
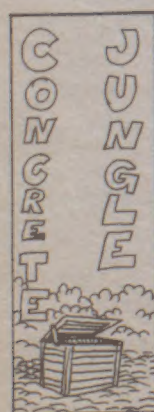
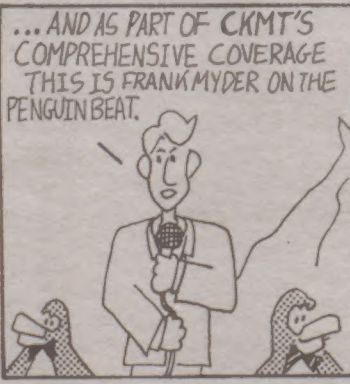
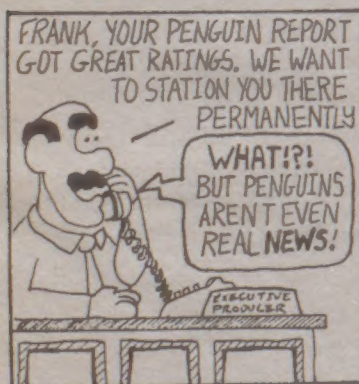
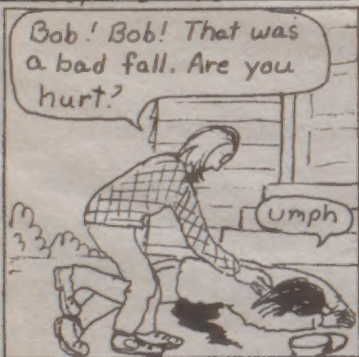
- 1 Riders of racehorses (7)
- 2 Round lumps of cooked hamburger (4,5)
- 3 Persists (7)
- 4 Where glass is heated before being worked (5,4)
- 5 To go or depart (5)
- 6 Rues not having done something (7)
- 7 Fist-sized organ that pumps blood (5)
- 8 German makers of fine china and porcelain (7)
- 15 Left hanging, physically or psychologically (9)
- 16 What the urban core now often becomes (5,4)
- 17 As lacking water as an ossified object? (4,3)
- 18 Not having a kindly attitude (3,4)
- 19 A shrewdly tactful move (7)
- 20 Having a ridge of bone or feathers atop the head (7)
- 22 Possessed (5)
- 23 Spooked, jumped away from something (5)

Answers to October 15 Crossword #41

► Puzzle 42 answers will be published in the November 15 issue of *Our Voice*.



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VENDOR BENDER by Dave Jones

The work of a one-fingered typist: a children's anthology

BY BARBARA LAUBER

Well, mom and dad,
what can I say?
I've been on the Greyhound
a thousand times
trying to find my way.
I've had my heart broken
and my life turned upside down.
I've moved to different cities
and I've lived in several towns.
Well, mom and dad,
when no one else was there
I've always had a place to go
and someone who would care.
I've always ended up back home,
back in my little room,
starting my life all over again.

Well, mom and dad,
a baby's on the way.
Of course the father left me
and now I'm back today.
Your arms are open to me,
my eyes more open to remembering my mistakes,
mistakes my baby won't go through.
I've always had a place to go
and someone who would care.
I've always ended up back home,
back in my little room,
starting my life all over again.

By Angie C. Maeots
From Soul Survivors from the Streets

In the course of a busy life, Anne Elliott never learned to type properly. She only uses one finger, but that hasn't stopped her from self-publishing two books. Anne's publishing projects grew out of her volunteer work with young people living on the street.

Soul Survivors from the Street is a book of poetry and prose written by young people struggling to leave street life. "I'd like to tie every police officer and social worker to a chair and make them read the book to give them a little more compassion," Anne says.

Rob, 23 years old, is one of the young people who have helped create *Soul Survivors from the Street*. After a childhood that included physical, emotional, and sexual abuse, followed by time in the Child Welfare system, he finally "escaped" but ended up on the street. Typical of many of these young people, he has more than his fair share of horror stories to tell to those he trusts. How does a young child survive the experience of being sent off to summer camp to return home only to find that there is no home and no mother? His mother had moved while he was away, without telling him. A child never forgets working long and hard at a paper route to buy himself precious personal possessions, to return home one day to find that these, along with his beloved dog, had all been sold to buy alcohol... Rob is one of the many young people who have proved that not only does a person have to survive physically, but more importantly, that the soul, too, needs to be fed and cared for. —Anne Elliott

Most of the troubled youth she meets do not want to be on the street, Anne says. They are "running away from an abusive family, not running to the street. Sadly the street is better than staying at home in some situations."

Anne offers them an ear and lots of encouragement. "People need to have somebody to listen to and somebody who respects what they say, and takes them seriously, and somebody who's not judgmental. How can



you judge someone who's been through so much and is still trying to get their life going the way they want?" she asks. "They just want to be happy, just to be alright."

She encourages them to write, offering, (despite her one-fingered technique) to type their work. When a young author has written several pieces, Anne assembles them into an individual booklet, which she desk-top-publishes. She chose the best of these pieces for *Soul Survivors*. "These kids have got voices," she says. "I think it's important for their point of view to be heard. Encouragement works wonders for people's self esteem. It takes so little to build someone's self-confidence."

Anne's other book, the *Crisis Resource Manual* is an exhaustive catalogue of the social services available to young people in Calgary. Many of these services also serve adults. Anne originally compiled the Manual to use in her volunteer work as a youth counsellor, but soon other people were asking for copies. ♦

The Crisis Resource Manual (\$25 plus \$3.80 postage) and *Soul Survivors from the Street* (\$15 plus \$2.50 postage) can be ordered by calling Anne at (403) 246-4830.

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Help us get better! Our 1996 Reader Survey...

1. What do you look for first in the newspaper?

- ☐ Short items, page 2, 3 and 4
- ☐ Vendor profiles, people stories
- ☐ Editorial page and letters
- ☐ Feature articles in the centre
- ☐ Fiction stories, poetry
- ☐ Cartoons
- ☐ Crossword

What do you read most thoroughly?

- ☐
- ☐
- ☐
- ☐
- ☐
- ☐
- ☐

2. What recent articles or pieces in the paper have you liked or have caught your attention?

For the following questions can you simply indicate whether you would more likely agree or disagree:

3. Our Voice articles are fair and informative.

- ☐ Agree ☐ Disagree

4. I read quite a bit of each issue I buy.

- ☐ Agree ☐ Disagree

5. Our governments need to do more about the poverty crisis.

- ☐ Agree ☐ Disagree

6. I would volunteer more of my time and money to helping needy people if I could.

- ☐ Agree ☐ Disagree

7. I tend to support traditional family values.

- ☐ Agree ☐ Disagree

8. If you were the editor what changes would you make to the paper?

Could you tell us a bit about yourself?

- ☐ male
- ☐ female
- ☐ 0-25 years
- ☐ 25-50 years
- ☐ 50+ years
- ☐ a grade 12 graduate
- ☐ a college graduate
- ☐ a university graduate
- ☐ other
- ☐ living cheque-to-cheque
- ☐ enough income to save a bit
- ☐ income is not a concern

How far from where you live did you buy this paper?

- ☐ under 1 kilometer
- ☐ under 10 kilometers
- ☐ over 10 kilometers

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